





THE AGES OF MAN.

Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His Acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier:
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Vide As you Like it.



All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

It is a matter of considerable doubt, what our poet had particularly in his mind, when he penned this celebrated description of the Seven Ages of Man. If it were not generally admitted that Shakspeare's knowledge did not extend to the Greek language, we might with great plausibility trace this division of man's life to Proclus, who, eleven hundred years before Shakspeare's birth, considered the period of mortal existence as naturally divisible into seven parts, over each of which he supposed one of the planets to rule. The *first* age, containing four years, he called infancy. In the *second* age, or childhood, he included ten years. The *third* age consisted of eight years, and was called youth. The *fourth* age was not accomplished till a man had completed forty-two years. This was termed young manhood. Mature manhood, or the *fifth* age, continued fifteen years. From this time to the end of sixty-eight years was deemed the *sixth*, or old age. The *seventh* and last continued from this period till fourscore years and eight, and was called weak, declining, and decrepit age.

Hippocrates, the celebrated Greek physician, who flourished four hundred years before the christian æra, is said likewise to have divided man's life into seven distinct periods; but the number of years which he assigned to each stage of existence was different from that allotted by Proclus.

By those who assert that our author had no means of deriving information from these sources of ancient learning, we are informed that prints emblematical of the Seven Ages of Man were formerly displayed in the generality of houses, both for ornament and instruction; and that from these, it is more probable that Shakspeare took the hint, than from any knowledge which he could have obtained from the works of Hippocrates or Proclus.

It appears from a passage in Aulus Gellius, that when Servius Tullius, the sixth king of ancient Rome, classed the Roman people, he divided their ages into three periods, limiting childhood to the age of seventeen, youth from that time to forty-six, and the subsequent period to the termination of life he considered as old age. This may be denominated the political division of human life. But in more modern times it has been usual, both among philosophers and poets, to consider our present existence as containing four distinct periods, *viz.* Infancy, Puberty, Manhood, and Old Age. To a division of this kind our Thompson alludes, in the conclusion of his winter, in which he beautifully compares the four stages of life to the seasons of the fleeting year:

..... Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring; thy summer's ardent heat;
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age;
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last
 And shuts the scene.

And perfectly accordant to the spirit exhibited by the moralizing and satirical Jaques, has Mr. Pope characterized the four stages of life, in each of which he represents the passions of mankind as engaged only in a change of play-things from the cradle to the grave:

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite.
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer books are the toys of age.
 Pleas'd with this bauble, as with that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

This fine passage of poetry the artist undoubtedly had in his mind when he composed that beautiful and highly finished Vignette which accompanies, as a frontispiece, the *Seven Ages of Man*. At least, with these lines, the reader can stand in little need of an illustration of the different parts of the picture. Besides the toys which usually engage the attention of infancy and old age, there are on the one side wreaths and garlands of flowers, the natural emblems of spring-time and joy: while on the other are withered and leafless branches, exhibiting the dire effects of the pinching wintry blast. The former are not more emblematical of those pleasures which ought to accompany a period of life exempted from corroding worldly cares, and in which, according to the poet "sweets unwithering bloom," than the latter are mournfully descriptive of those years when,

Each earth-born joy grows vile, and disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.

Notwithstanding, however, the disgust of life exhibited by Jaques, and too frequently indulged by the gloomy and discontented part of mankind, yet the sentiment which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato, in his *Treatise de Senectute*, is much more becoming our situation, as well as worthy of a great and elevated mind: *Non libet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem.* "To complain, indeed, that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our councils, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands."

FITZOSBORNE'S LETTERS.

On the upper part of the Vignette, the rapid flight of Time is well represented by a winged hour-glass, underneath which the circle is descriptive of that endless state of existence, whither, by the swift succession of months and years, man, in all his stages, is hastening.



h



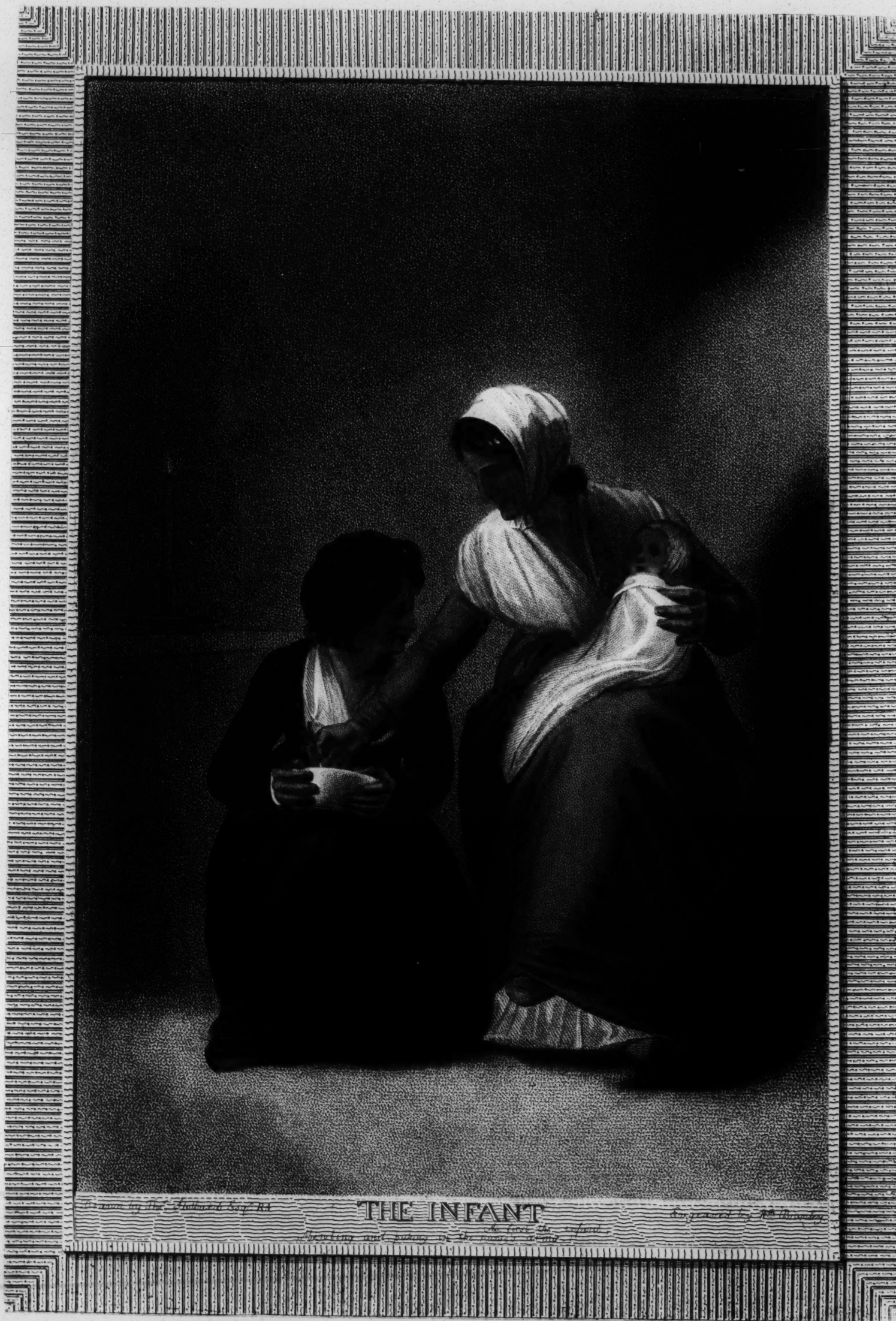
THE INFANT

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

..... At first, the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

To those who, like our immortal bard, in the character of Jaques, contemplate only the gloomy parts of mortal existence, there is nothing that exhibits a stronger and more truly striking picture of weakness, pain, and misery, than an infant immediately after its birth. It is more helpless than the young of any other animal; incapable of self-motion or of supporting its own body. It scarcely possesses strength enough to announce by its cries the pain which it seems to suffer: for as we can remember nothing that passes at this early period of our existence, it must be for ever impossible accurately to discover the emotions of pleasure and pain, of which a child is susceptible in the very early period of its existence. It is probable, however, that the pain felt by infants recently born, and which is expressed by their cries, or as Shakspeare describes it, "by their mewling in the nurse's arms," is only a corporeal sensation, similar to that experienced by other animals. Mental sensation is supposed, by most writers on the subject, to commence no sooner than at the end of five or six weeks; for smiles and tears, which are indications of it, and which depend on the action of the mind, are, according to M. Buffon, never seen in children till they are about forty days old: the former originate from the sight and recollection of a known and desirable object; the latter are the consequence of some disagreeable agitation, compounded of sympathy and anxiety for one's own welfare.

New born infants sleep much, and never seem to wake but when stimulated by hunger or pain; hence their sleep commonly terminates in a fit of crying, the only method given them by nature to express their wants. To satisfy hunger, and to alleviate pain, recourse is had by the helpless infant to its mother's breast. Here it seeks relief under all its sufferings; this is the only source of its pleasure; and in the enjoyment of this it is easy and contented. Nature has also provided against any inconvenience which might otherwise arise from the stomach being overcharged with milk, by making the infant throw up the superfluous quantity, which it does, at all times, without the smallest degree of sickness or straining, and without creating the least disgust to itself, or the affectionate mother. Nevertheless, from this operation of the child, our poet has borrowed the second epithet annexed to the stage of infancy, and which, according to his description, is calculated only to excite nauseous emotions in the mind. The artist, aware of this, has so far deviated from the poet, that while, by his pencil, he has represented the total weakness and helplessness of the infant, he has carefully avoided bringing



SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

..... At first, the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

To those who, like our immortal bard, in the character of Jaques, contemplate only the gloomy parts of mortal existence, there is nothing that exhibits a stronger and more truly striking picture of weakness, pain, and misery, than an infant immediately after its birth. It is more helpless than the young of any other animal; incapable of self-motion or of supporting its own body. It scarcely possesses strength enough to announce by its cries the pain which it seems to suffer: for as we can remember nothing that passes at this early period of our existence, it must be for ever impossible accurately to discover the emotions of pleasure and pain, of which a child is susceptible in the very early period of its existence. It is probable, however, that the pain felt by infants recently born, and which is expressed by their cries, or as Shakspeare describes it, "by their mewling in the nurse's arms," is only a corporeal sensation, similar to that experienced by other animals. Mental sensation is supposed, by most writers on the subject, to commence no sooner than at the end of five or six weeks; for smiles and tears, which are indications of it, and which depend on the action of the mind, are, according to M. Buffon, never seen in children till they are about forty days old: the former originate from the sight and recollection of a known and desirable object; the latter are the consequence of some disagreeable agitation, compounded of sympathy and anxiety for one's own welfare.

New born infants sleep much, and never seem to wake but when stimulated by hunger or pain; hence their sleep commonly terminates in a fit of crying, the only method given them by nature to express their wants. To satisfy hunger, and to alleviate pain, recourse is had by the helpless infant to its mother's breast. Here it seeks relief under all its sufferings; this is the only source of its pleasure; and in the enjoyment of this it is easy and contented. Nature has also provided against any inconvenience which might otherwise arise from the stomach being overcharged with milk, by making the infant throw up the superfluous quantity, which it does, at all times, without the smallest degree of sickness or straining, and without creating the least disgust to itself, or the affectionate mother. Nevertheless, from this operation of the child, our poet has borrowed the second epithet annexed to the stage of infancy, and which, according to his description, is calculated only to excite nauseous emotions in the mind. The artist, aware of this, has so far deviated from the poet, that while, by his pencil, he has represented the total weakness and helplessness of the infant, he has carefully avoided bringing

into his picture a scene, which as it could not be faithfully represented on canvass, so it could not fail of exciting ideas, even more loathsome than the language of Shakspeare, and which, though exceedingly proper as proceeding from the lips of Jaques, a professed satyr, yet ought not to make the whole description either of the painter or commentator.

Infancy, or the first three or four years of life, has a thousand charms, to which no parent, who is capable of enjoying domestic pleasure, can be insensible. The uneasiness created in a mother's breast by the sufferings of her helpless offspring, is more than balanced by the ecstasy which she enjoys in its smiles. Hence the beautiful lines of the Mantuan bard:

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem;
Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer: cui non risere parentes,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

ECLOGA IV.

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out;
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

On the general complacency with which infants are contemplated, the reader will be gratified by the following extract from Mr. Fawcett's poem on that subject:

Whence the delight, sweet infancy,
That each fond eye derives from thee?
Each feature of thy face is fair;
But not a line of soul is there:
No sentiment those eyes display;
Nor Fancy's flame, nor Judgment's ray;
All void they roll, the blanks of mind,
Nor wit, nor wisdom, there I find:
Nor in their vacant circle lie,
Or friendship, or philanthropy;
In thy contracted bosom's space
Scarce e'en thy mother holds a place:
Yet each fond eye, sweet infancy,
Delights to bend its look on thee.

After enumerating the reasons why the innocence of infancy captivates universal attention, the author adds:

Hence the delight, sweet infancy,
That each fond eye derives from thee.
Though no august, illustrious guest
Vouchsafe to lodge within thy breast;
Though Virtue's azure mantle, there,
Nor Truth with sunshine-vest appear;
Yet there we mark, with mild delight
The maid that wears the robe of white.





And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

SHAKESPEARE'S description of the school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school, is by the painter finely and accurately delineated. The language of the poet is not more expressive of the boy's disinclination than the attitude of the figure; while the anxious mother, by whose assiduity he is dismissed with satchel and shining face, is represented as tremblingly alive to the interest of her child, and watching his steps to that place, the idea of which seems to overcloud the whole pleasure of his life.

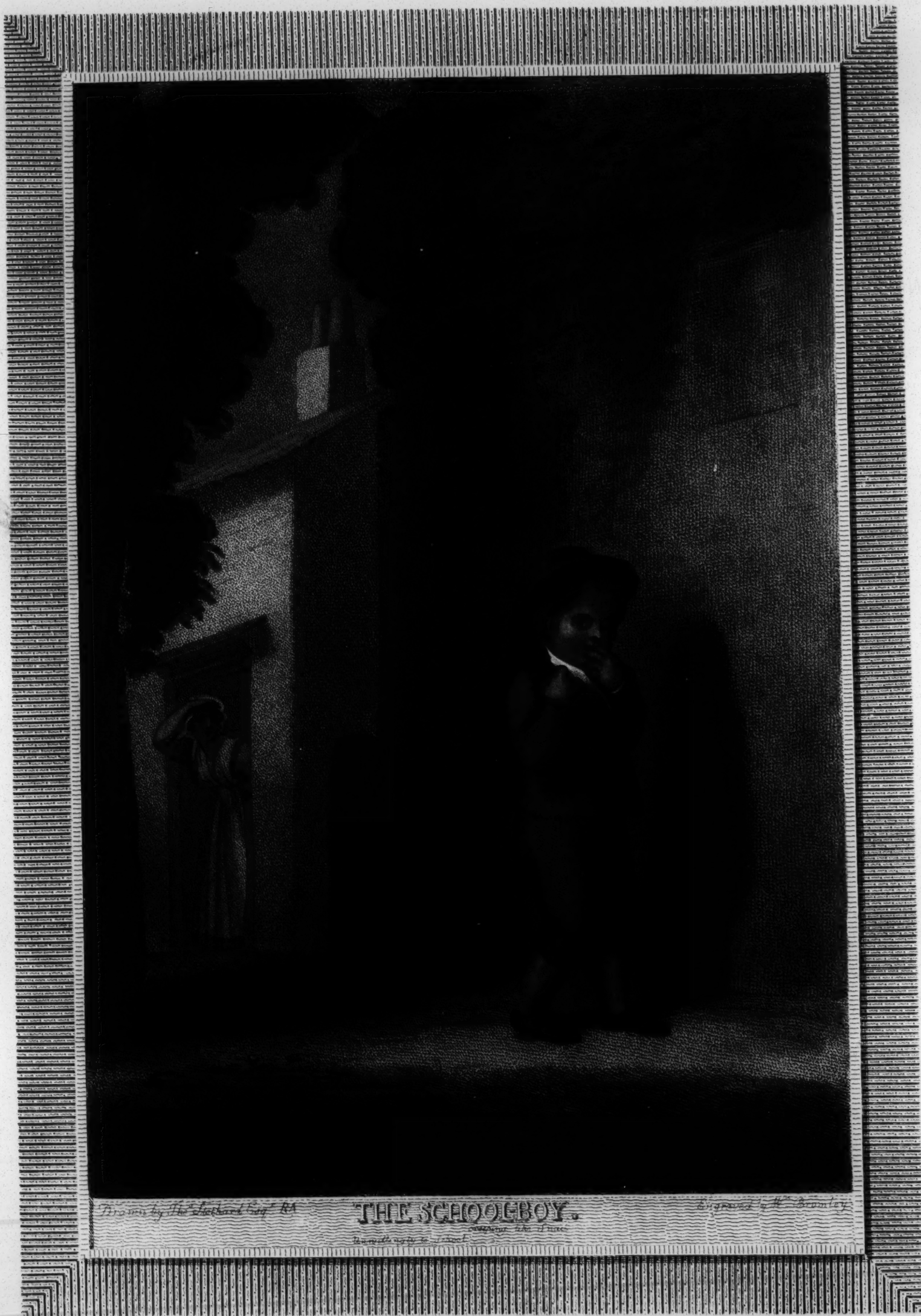
The *whining* school-boy—perhaps our author meant by this epithet to express the opposition which the lad, while equipping for his little journey, had made to his mother's determination of sending him upon such an unpleasant expedition.

M. Buffon asserts, that “the first fifteen years of our existence may be regarded as nothing: every thing which passes during this long period is either obliterated from the memory, or has so little connection with the views and objects which afterwards occupy our attention, that it ceases entirely to be interesting. The train of our ideas, and even the nature of our existence, suffer a total change. We do not begin to live, in a moral sense, till after we have learned to arrange our thoughts and direct them toward futurity.” In this view of the subject, supposing even the description to be somewhat exaggerated, it will not excite a moment's surprise that children should prefer their sports to their books. The former captivate their attention, and are interesting to their present happiness; while the latter, when presented to them in the most alluring form, having so little connection with the joys of the passing hour, must appear tedious and irksome to their tender minds. Hence, it should seem, that the phrase on every one's tongue,—“The school-boy's life is the happiest season of human existence,” depends on an error, destitute of even a plausible foundation. Nevertheless, on this supposition our poets have been furnished with fine opportunities of displaying the period of youth as the spring time of life; the season of unalloyed pleasure. Thus Mr. Gray, in speaking of school-boys, says:

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

And after anticipating the evils to which, in the progress of life, they are liable, and which appear to him the inevitable lot of man, he earnestly deprecates the idea of making them acquainted with what they have to expect:

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.



Designed by the "Schoolboy" Club

THE SCHOOLBOY.

Designed by the "Schoolboy" Club

Illustrated by the "Schoolboy" Club

Printed by the "Schoolboy" Club

And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school.

SHAKESPEARE's description of the school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school, is by the painter finely and accurately delineated. The language of the poet is not more expressive of the boy's disinclination than the attitude of the figure; while the anxious mother, by whose assiduity he is dismissed with satchel and shining face, is represented as tremblingly alive to the interest of her child, and watching his steps to that place, the idea of which seems to overcloud the whole pleasure of his life.

The *whining* school-boy—perhaps our author meant by this epithet to express the opposition which the lad, while equipping for his little journey, had made to his mother's determination of sending him upon such an unpleasant expedition.

M. Buffon asserts, that “ the first fifteen years of our existence may be regarded as nothing: every thing which passes during this long period is either obliterated from the memory, or has so little connection with the views and objects which afterwards occupy our attention, that it ceases entirely to be interesting. The train of our ideas, and even the nature of our existence, suffer a total change. We do not begin to live, in a moral sense, till after we have learned to arrange our thoughts and direct them toward futurity.” In this view of the subject, supposing even the description to be somewhat exaggerated, it will not excite a moment's surprise that children should prefer their sports to their books. The former captivate their attention, and are interesting to their present happiness; while the latter, when presented to them in the most alluring form, having so little connection with the joys of the passing hour, must appear tedious and irksome to their tender minds. Hence, it should seem, that the phrase on every one's tongue,—“ The school-boy's life is the happiest season of human existence,” depends on an error, destitute of even a plausible foundation. Nevertheless, on this supposition our poets have been furnished with fine opportunities of displaying the period of youth as the spring time of life; the season of unalloyed pleasure. Thus Mr. Gray, in speaking of school-boys, says;

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possest,
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.

And after anticipating the evils to which, in the progress of life, they are liable, and which appear to him the inevitable lot of man, he earnestly deprecates the idea of making them acquainted with what they have to expect:

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies,
 Thought would destroy their paradise.

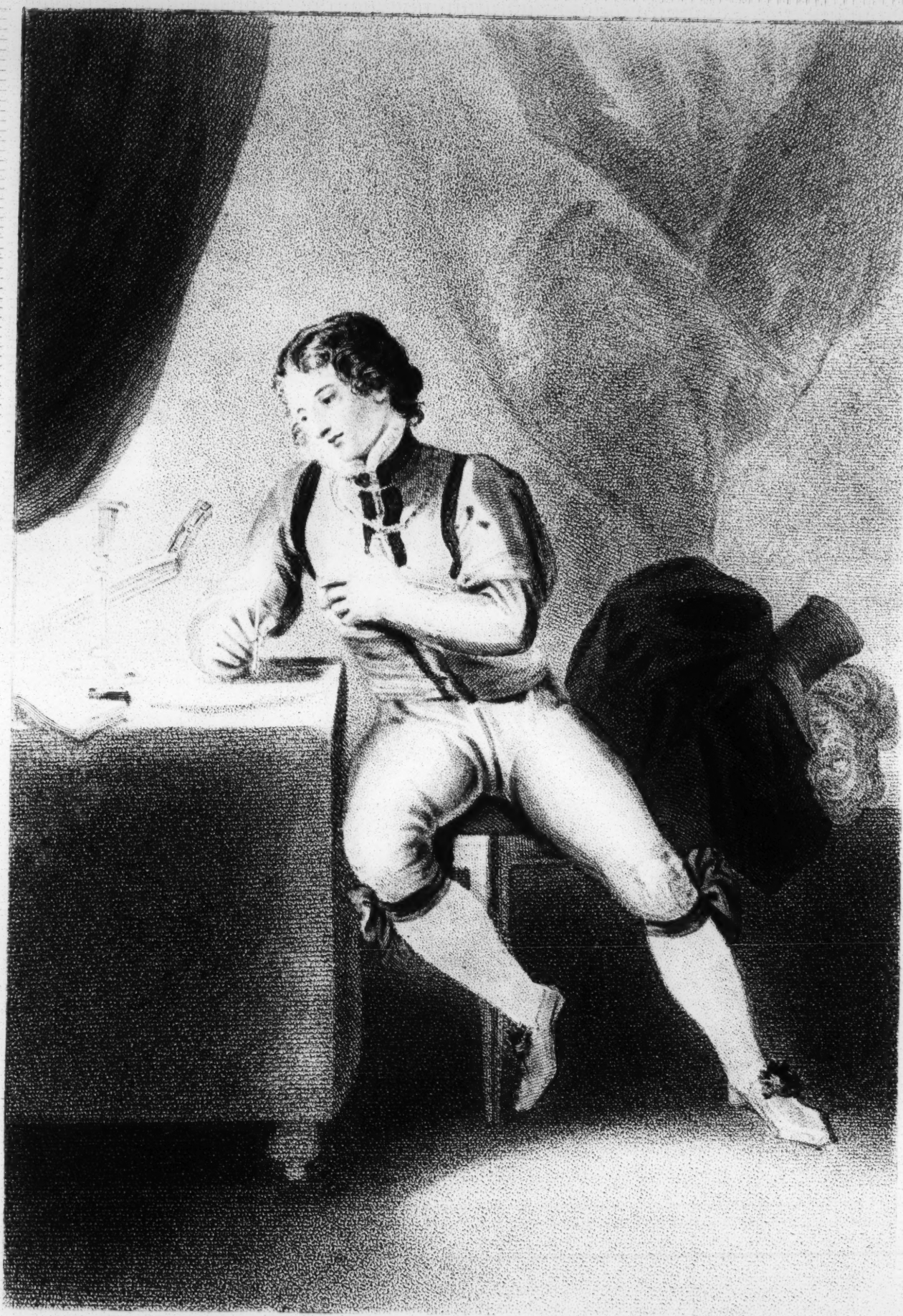
To the philosopher, however, who views life as it really exists, it will occur, that to the pleasures of youth there are as many checks and disappointments, as can be conceived to militate against the pursuits and projects of riper years. The desires and passions, which exist in the youthful breast, are as many, and as strong as those belonging to any future period of life; yet almost every mean of gratifying these desires depends upon the will of another. Engaged in their childish sports, as eagerly, perhaps, as their fathers may be pursuing schemes of ambition, at the nod of a master they must throw aside their bats and their balls, and become in an instant as grave as their grand-sires, with this important difference, that the gravity extorted from children must be the effect of fear, while it is a necessary habiliment of old age. The idea of independence certainly enters pretty largely into every estimate of human happiness: "Prandet Aristoteles quando Philippo lubet; Diogenes quando Diogeni. Aristotle takes his dinner when Philip pleases; Diogenes when it suits himself." Of this independence the school-boy cannot form an idea; his will is dependent upon that of many others in almost every step of his daily peregrination. To these circumstances may be imputed his disinclination to the elements of learning, or, as Shakspeare terms it, his "creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

The late Mr. Gibbon has given his opinion on the subject with great frankness. "At the conclusion of this first period of life," says he, "I am tempted to enter a protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the world. That happiness I have never known, that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt still alive, she would bear testimony to the early and constant uniformity of my sentiments."

"The poet may gaily describe the short hours of recreation; but he forgets the daily tedious labours of the school, which is approached each morning with anxious and reluctant step."—MEMOIRS, p. 51.

The established custom of almost all schools obliges the youth to learn the grammar by heart, a work which can convey to him no pleasurable idea, and which he would resist if he enjoyed the smallest share of independence. Hence, in order to make him at all accurate in the attainment of that which can afford him no amusement, the use of terrific means is absolutely necessary, which probably led Dr. Johnson to assert that no boy ever loved the master who instructed him in the dead languages. It may, however, be justly doubted whether this method of instruction, though so long established in our schools, be the best that can be adapted to the purpose. Queen Elizabeth, whose attainments in classical literature were of the first rate, is said never to have taken a grammar into her hand, unless for the sake of declining nouns and verbs, but by translating something every day from Latin and Greek into English, and back again from English to the original language, she arrived at such perfection in these studies, that few in the universities were esteemed equal to her in these respects. By this method of learning the dead languages the youth will instantly, as it were, feel the importance of his task, and will find himself growing every day more able to contend with difficulties, by having overcome others that are past. Success in these points will afford him a degree of pleasure and improvement which he could not experience from a repetition of the rules of grammar.





And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

The language of lovers in all ages of civilized society has been usually tinged with enthusiasm. Their descriptions of successful love, and their complaints of slighted passion, are in most instances exhibited in a style very unsuitable to the views and feelings of the grave moralist. Such was the character of Jiquet, who has called forth the image of the roaring furnace, to portray the effects of the lover's distress; intending thereby a satire upon the extravagance of the passion itself.

On this subject, however, the *Heautou-pantou* has taken a range so extensive as to render it no difficult task to shew that our poet has not, even in what he intended as a caricature, gone beyond either his predecessors, with whose writings he was probably unacquainted, or those who have succeeded him, in his description of the effects of love.

In a critique upon an ode of Supplic, in which the writer has collected and displayed a great variety of anxieties and tortures, that are considered as the inseparable attendants upon jealous love, Longinus, the great author of the sublime, has observed that the description is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, though they appear repugnant to each other, are constantly experienced in the frenzy of love. "Sighing like furnace." Ovid, the great master of the art, speaking of the effects of love, says,

Oraque singula concutiente sonant,
What piteous sighs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his swollen cheek.

Even the stern God of War when affected with this passion, is exhibited by Anacreon as groaning deeply.

O Mars, with sudden pain possest,
Sighed from out his manly breast.

And our own poet Thomson represents the lover as swelling the "breeze with sighs increasing." Again, on the same subject, he says,

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the vein.

With these authorities Shakspeare cannot be accused of having trespassed beyond the limits of poetical licence, although in satyrizing the passion of love he has described the subject of it, "sighing like furnace." The bellowing noise of a



Published Jan^y 21. 1799. by W. Bromley, Jeſſamine Houſe, Hammerſmith.

..... And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

THE language of lovers in all ages of civilized society has been usually tinctured with enthusiasm. Their descriptions of successful love, and their complaints of slighted passion, are in most instances exhibited in a style very unsuitable to the views and feelings of the grave moralist; such was the character of Jaques, who has called forth the image of the roaring furnace, to pourtray the effects of the lover's distress; intending thereby a satire upon the extravagance of the passion itself.

On this subject, however, the *licentia poetica* has taken a range so extensive as to render it no difficult task to shew that our poet has not, even in what he intended as a caricature, gone beyond either his predecessors, with whose writings he was probably unacquainted, or those who have succeeded him, in his description of the effects of love.

In a critique upon an ode of Sappho, in which the writer has collected and displayed a great variety of anxieties and tortures, that are considered as the inseparable attendants upon jealous love, Longinus, the great author of the sublime, has observed that the description is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, though they appear repugnant to each other, are constantly experienced in the frenzies of love. "Sighing like furnace." Ovid, the great master of the art, speaking of the effects of love, says,

Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.
 What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
 Shake his swoln cheek.

Even the stern God of War when affected with this passion, is exhibited by Anacreon as groaning deeply:

Ο δὲ Ἀρης ἀναστρέψας βᾶρυ.
 Mars, with sudden pain possest,
 Sighed from out his inmost breast.

And our own poet Thomson represents the lover as swelling the "breeze with sighs unceasing." Again, on the same subject, he says,

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins.

With these authorities Shakspeare cannot be accused of having trespassed beyond the limits of poetical licence, although in satyrizing the passion of love he has described the subject of it, "sighing like furnace." The bellowing noise of a

furnace is rather characteristic of the agonies of a mind which has no other method of venting the passion, with which it is affected, than by deep and loud groans;—of a mind distracted through despair of a remedy:

Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

To cure the pains of love, alas! no plant avails.

This part of Shakspeare's description sets the painter's art at defiance. Canvass is not capable of exhibiting sighs, however deep, nor groans, though loud as the boisterous furnace; we have therefore in our picture the lover

..... With a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

The extravagance of the passion is very aptly and characteristically described by the seemingly unimportant and trivial part of the person who is the object of it. Inconsiderable, however, as this part of the lady's face may to some appear, yet the antients paid a special regard to it, holding it in high estimation, supposing that a fine eye-brow constituted an essential part of beauty. Anacreon, in his direction to a painter for drawing the picture of his mistress, among other remarks, gives particular orders for the accurate delineation of the eye-brow:

Το μεσοφρυον δε μη μοι
Διακοπῇ, μητε μισγέ·
Εχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,
Το λεληθοῦς συνοφρυ,
Βλεφάρων δ' ἴτυν κελαινήν.

With care the sable *brows* extend,
And in two arches nicely bend,
That the fair space, which lies between
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.—FAWKES.

Shakspeare and Spencer have concurred in attributing beauty to the *eye-lid*.

But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.—WINTER'S TALE.

Upon her *eye-lids* many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even *brows*.—FAIRY QUEEN.

Fine eye-brows and fine hair are every-where represented as of great importance in contributing to female beauty. Hence the high value at which Horace estimated a lock of his mistress' hair:

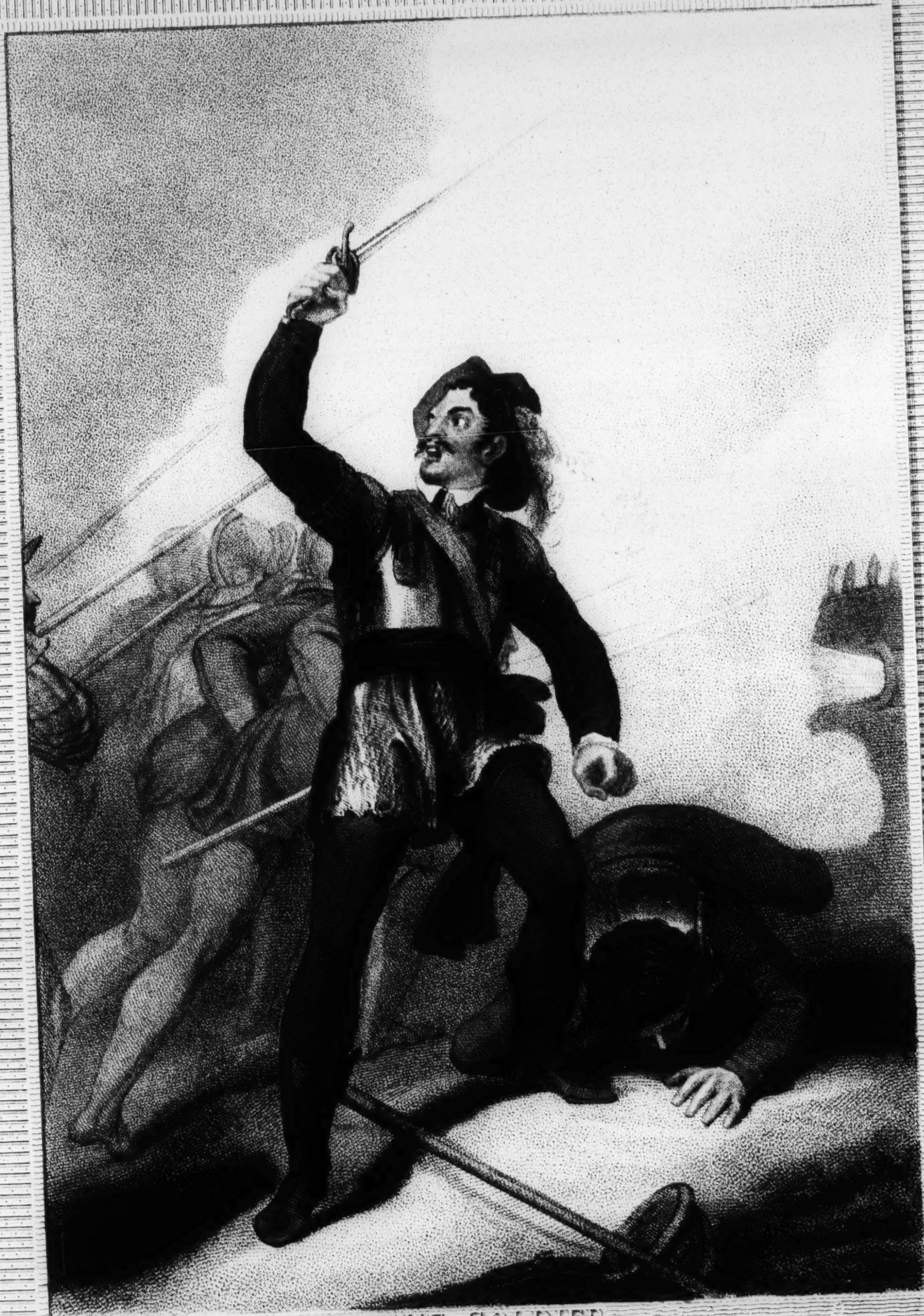
Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?

Say, shall the wealth by kings possest,
Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?—FRANCIS.

The reader will likewise recollect an exquisitely fine couplet in the Rape of the Lock:

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.





THE SOLDIER

..... Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

“BEARDED like a pard,” or leopard, from which the poet borrows his resemblance. It should seem from this and other passages of Shakspeare, that our ancestors were very curious in the particular fashion of their beards, each having one of a different cut, according to the profession in which he was engaged. Mrs. Quickly in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” asks, if Slender “does not wear a great round beard, like a glover’s paring knife?” To which she receives for answer, “No, forsooth; he hath a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard.” On this passage a commentator remarks, that Cain and Judas in the tapestries and pictures of old were represented with yellow beards. In “Henry the Fifth” we find that the general had a beard appropriated to his profession; “And what a beard of general’s cut.” Beards were cut into a variety of whimsical shapes, such as of spades, stilettos, &c. instances of which may be found in many old portraits, particularly in those of the Earls of Southampton and Essex.

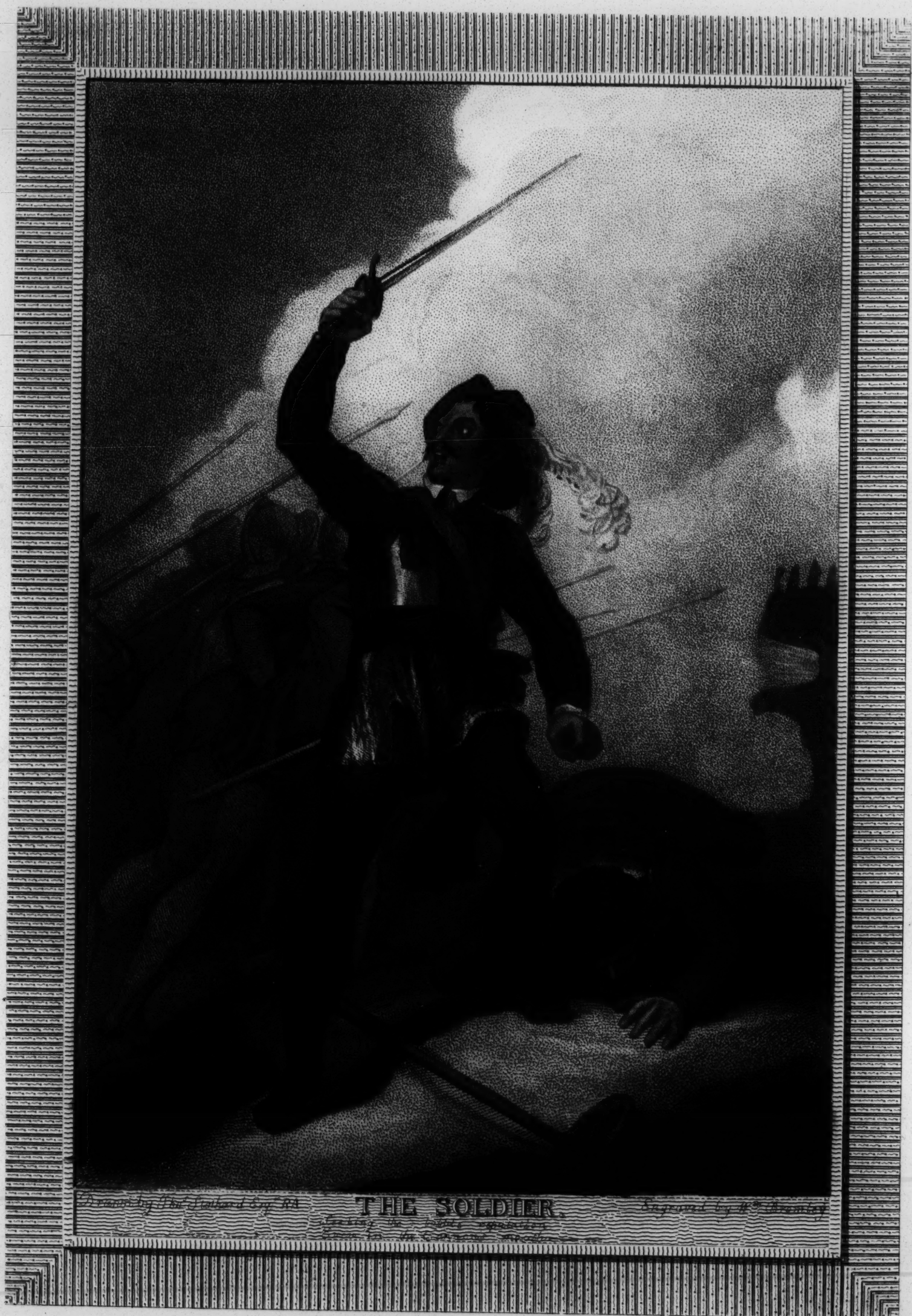
To persons conversant with the works of the immortal Shakspeare, and who suppose with Mr. Malone that “Henry the Fourth” was written three years prior to the play of “As you like it,” there can be no doubt that the author had the character of Hotspur in his mind when he drew his picture of the soldier.

“Full of strange oaths.” Profane swearing was probably, at that time, much in fashion with the army. In the historical play of “Henry the Fifth,” the soldiers are represented as boasting of their valour in action, “and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with *new tuned oaths*.” To Hotspur this part of the description is very applicable, who, among other passages that might be quoted, vehemently exclaims,

..... Speak of Mortimer?
 Zounds, I will speak of him: and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
 Yea, on his part, I’ll empty all these veins,
 And my dear blood drop by drop i’ the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i’ the air as this unthankful king.

As a competitor for *honour*, how eloquently he cries out,

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright *honour* from the pale-faced moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,



..... Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

"BEARDED like a pard," or leopard, from which the poet borrows his resemblance. It should seem from this and other passages of Shakspeare, that our ancestors were very curious in the particular fashion of their beards, each having one of a different cut, according to the profession in which he was engaged. Mrs. Quickly in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," asks, if Slender "does not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?" To which she receives for answer, "No, forsooth; he hath a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard." On this passage a commentator remarks, that Cain and Judas in the tapestries and pictures of old were represented with yellow beards. In "Henry the Fifth" we find that the general had a beard appropriated to his profession; "And what a beard of general's cut." Beards were cut into a variety of whimsical shapes, such as of spades, stilettos, &c. instances of which may be found in many old portraits, particularly in those of the Earls of Southampton and Essex.

To persons conversant with the works of the immortal Shakspeare, and who suppose with Mr. Malone that "Henry the Fourth" was written three years prior to the play of "As you like it," there can be no doubt that the author had the character of Hotspur in his mind when he drew his picture of the soldier.

"Full of strange oaths." Profane swearing was probably, at that time, much in fashion with the army. In the historical play of "Henry the Fifth," the soldiers are represented as boasting of their valour in action, "and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with *new tuned oaths*." To Hotspur this part of the description is very applicable, who, among other passages that might be quoted, vehemently exclaims,

..... Speak of Mortimer?
 Zounds, I will speak of him: and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king.

As a competitor for *honour*, how eloquently he cries out,

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright *honour* from the pale-faced moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned *honour* by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corrival, all her dignities.

“ Sudden and quick in quarrel.” The impetuosity of the soldier, and his violence of temper in opposing an insult, are admirably described :

Nay, I will; that's flat;—
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Hotspur's solicitude for celebrity through the path of danger, is finely drawn in the following soliloquy :

..... Were it good,
 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast? To set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
 It were not good: for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope;
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

That fame which Hotspur hoped to acquire in the contest with the Prince of Wales, but which proved only “ bubble reputation,” is painted in all the enthusiasm of poetry :

..... Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours.

At the moment of encounter still the “ bubble reputation” is near his heart :

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 To end the one of us; and would to God
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Hotspur's last words are highly expressive of Shakspeare's soldier :

O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth;
 I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.

Such is the illustration of the Soldier described by Jaques; a profession truly honorable and glorious when devoted to the defence of one's country ;

Without a sign, his sword, the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.—POPE'S HOMER.





THE JUSTICE

..... And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part.

Our artist has admirably described Shakspeare's justice, "in fair round belly with good capon lined;" the pipe is very characteristic of the time when this comedy was written, for at that period tobacco had been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh but about thirty years, consequently it may be supposed that smoking was a luxury indulged in only by persons of some rank and station in the world. It is observable that the justices, which we meet with in the plays of Shakspeare, are, in respect to their external condition, very different from the justice drawn in the *Seven Ages of Man*. Shallow, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*;" Silence, in the "*Second Part of Henry the Fourth*;" and the Justice in "*Measure for Measure*," are not exhibited as by any means remarkable for those circumstances which are the natural effects of good living. As a general description, however, the one before us is more appropriate to the character of the magistrate, than that of either of those persons to whom we have alluded: since it rarely happened that any people were elevated to this office, until they were in possession of so much wealth as to render their situation easy and affluent.

The propriety of introducing the justice as the fifth general character in the poet's description of man, results from the circumstance that persons of *all* professions, including the army, after having obtained sufficient riches to retire from the hurry and fatigue of business, assume the dignities and prerogatives of the magistracy. Justice Clement, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, is described as having been in military service previously to his being put into the commission of the peace.

"With eyes severe." A passage similar to this may be found in "*Henry the Fifth*," where a parallel is drawn between the functions of man in the various concerns of life, and those of the industrious bees, which, on account of its similarity to the subject that we are discussing, it may not be improper to quote at large:

True: therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;



Printed by Collins & Co. Ltd.

..... And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part.

OUR artist has admirably described Shakspeare's justice, "in fair round belly with good capon lined;" the pipe is very characteristic of the time when this comedy was written, for at that period tobacco had been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh but about thirty years, consequently it may be supposed that smoking was a luxury indulged in only by persons of some rank and station in the world. It is observable that the justices, which we meet with in the plays of Shakspeare, are, in respect to their external condition, very different from the justice drawn in the *Seven Ages of Man*. Shallow, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*;" Silence, in the "*Second Part of Henry the Fourth*;" and the Justice in "*Measure for Measure*," are not exhibited as by any means remarkable for those circumstances which are the natural effects of good living. As a general description, however, the one before us is more appropriate to the character of the magistrate, than that of either of those persons to whom we have alluded: since it rarely happened that any people were elevated to this office, until they were in possession of so much wealth as to render their situation easy and affluent.

The propriety of introducing the justice as the fifth general character in the poet's description of man, results from the circumstance that persons of *all* professions, including the army, after having obtained sufficient riches to retire from the hurry and fatigue of business, assume the dignities and prerogatives of the magistracy. Justice Clement, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, is described as having been in military service previously to his being put into the commission of the peace.

"With eyes severe." A passage similar to this may be found in "*Henry the Fifth*," where a parallel is drawn between the functions of man in the various concerns of life, and those of the industrious bees, which, on account of its similarity to the subject that we are discussing, it may not be improper to quote at large:

True: therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The *sad-eyed Justice*, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

“ Full of wise saws and modern instances.” The meaning of this passage is, that the justice supports the authority of his decisions by a multitude of old sayings or proverbs, as well as by a ready appeal to the late determination of cases which had come before him or some neighbouring magistrates. It is not improbable that our author intended, by this description, to insinuate that his justice was better qualified to deal out his decrees, under the influence of old proverbs, and modern practices, than by his knowledge of, and adherence to, the laws of the land.

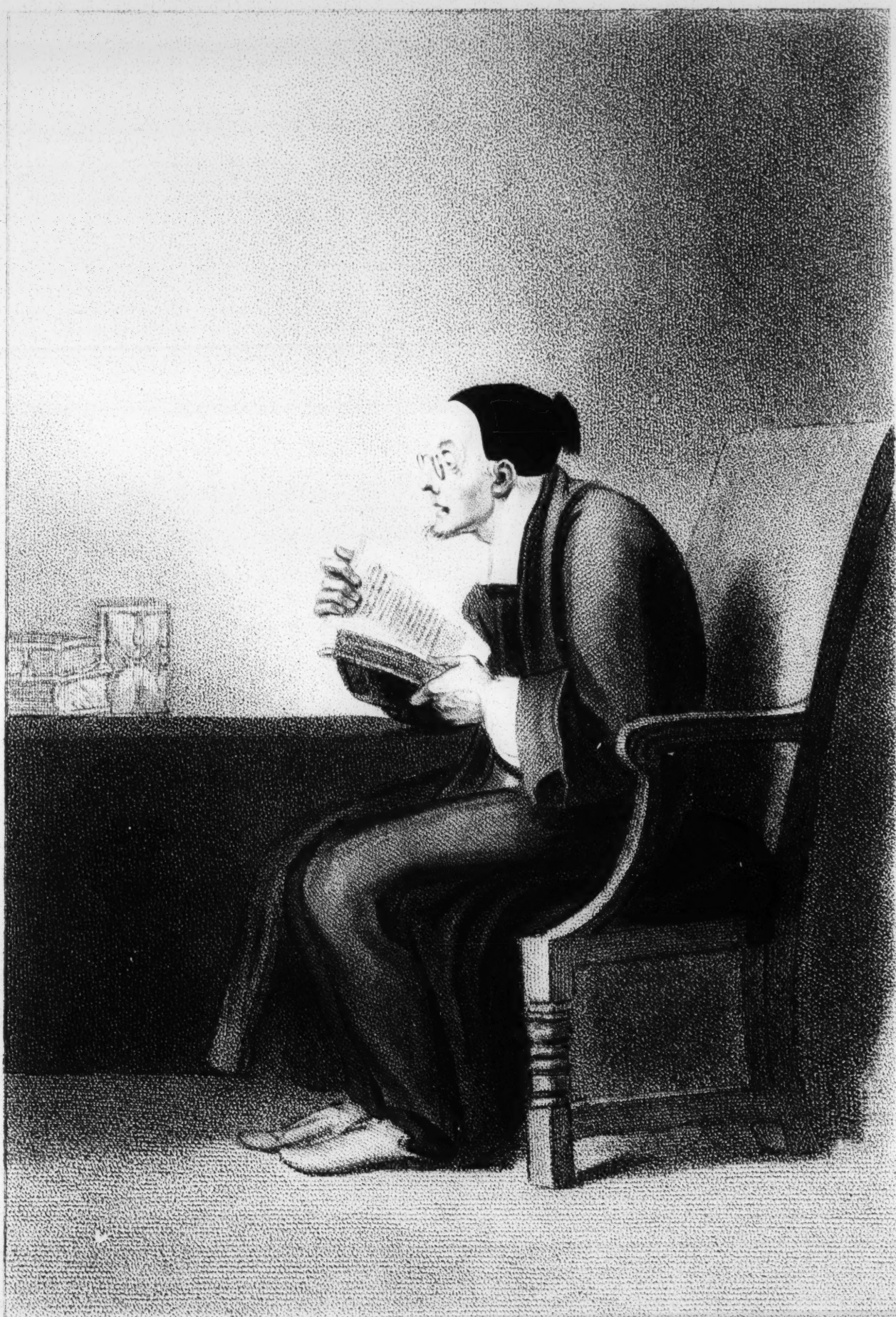
To suppress riots and tumults, to punish smaller offences, to determine controversies, and to see that the ordinances of parliament were properly executed, justices of the peace, were originally appointed by Edward the First:

The social laws from insult to protect,
 To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
 The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
 To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
 Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
 For this fair JUSTICE raised her sacred arm;
 For this the rural magistrate, of yore
 Thy honors, *Edward*, to his mansion bore.—LANGHORNE.

Respectable as the character and functions of a wise and upright magistrate are, yet it must be acknowledged that the office is too frequently entrusted to persons in every respect unqualified to sustain so important a character. From a desire of enjoying the consequence necessarily attached to magistracy, men of small property and despicable characters have from time to time crept into the commission of the peace, whose poverty has rendered them covetous, contemptible, and corrupt; and whose ignorance has been a bye-word and reproach in all ages. Characters of this kind our poet had probably in his eye when he saty-
 rized the justice as “ full of wise saws and modern instances.” To these also Thomson alludes in his *Winter*:

The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.





..... The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.

SHAKSPEARE'S sixth age answers to that which is usually denominated old age. According to Proclus, as we have seen, this period commenced at fifty-five, and ended with sixty-eight years. Cicero, when he had attained to the age of threescore, wrote his celebrated *Treatise de Senectute*, as a consolatory epistle to Atticus, who was of the same age, and with whom he had lived in habits of the strictest friendship "even from their boyish days."

The word *pantaloen* was, in the time of our bard, as it is in the present day, expressive of part of a man's dress. In the Italian comedy, a thin emaciated old man, habited in pantaloons and slippers, was called by way of distinction // *Pantalon*; hence it may be inferred that the name originated in the garment. In all the dramas of Shakspeare the term is used but twice, and in both cases it is intended as a satire upon the character to which it is applied; thus in "Taming the Shrew," the poet says, "that we might beguile the old Pantaloen."

The employment which the artist has given the Pantaloen is truly characteristic of Shakspeare's description, "With spectacles on nose." So eagerly intent does he seem on his book, as to be entirely negligent of every other object; the manner in which he grasps it intimates that his soul is wrapped up in the study of its contents, while his countenance exhibits him,

"With study pale, and midnight vigils spent

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank.

There should probably be a comma after *hose*, which would strengthen the sarcastic irony aimed at the avarice which has saved the hose till they are become almost useless, by being "a world too wide for his shrunk shank." Avarice is but too frequently an attendant upon old age, and has been the general reproach of this period of life: *Sunt morosi, et anxii, et iracundi, et difficiles senes: si querimus, etiam avari.*—CICERO DE SENECTUTE.

At this age man's outward form contracts, and every movement of the limb is performed with difficulty and languor. The circulation of the fluids becomes sluggish and interrupted; perspiration is diminished; the nutritious juices are less



Published Jan^r 24. 1733 by W. B. in the Strand, near the Hammer-smith.

Printed by J. H. in the Strand.

..... The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.

SHAKSPEARE'S sixth age answers to that which is usually denominated old age. According to Proclus, as we have seen, this period commenced at fifty-five, and ended with sixty-eight years. Cicero, when he had attained to the age of threescore, wrote his celebrated Treatise de Senectute, as a consolatory epistle to Atticus, who was of the same age, and with whom he had lived in habits of the strictest friendship "e'en from their boyish days."

The word *pantaloen* was, in the time of our bard, as it is in the present day, expressive of part of a man's dress. In the Italian comedy, a thin emaciated old man, habited in pantaloons and slippers, was called by way of distinction *Il Pantalone*; hence it may be inferred that the name originated in the garment. In all the dramas of Shakspeare the term is used but twice, and in both cases it is intended as a satire upon the character to which it is applied; thus in "Taming the Shrew," the poet says, "that we might beguile the old Pantaloen."

The employment which the artist has given the Pantaloen is truly characteristic of Shakspeare's description, "With spectacles on nose." So eagerly intent does he seem on his book, as to be entirely negligent of every other object; the manner in which he grasps it intimates that his soul is wrapped up in the study of its contents, while his countenance exhibits him,

"With study pale, and midnight vigils spent."

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank.

There should probably be a comma after *hose*, which would strengthen the sarcastic irony aimed at the avarice which has saved the hose till they are become almost useless, by being "a world too wide for his shrunk shank." Avarice is but too frequently an attendant upon old age, and has been the general reproach of this period of life: *Sunt morosi, et anxii, et iracundi, et difficiles senes: si quærimus, etiam avari.*—CICERO DE SENECTUTE.

At this age man's outward form contracts, and every movement of the limbs is performed with difficulty and languor. The circulation of the fluids becomes sluggish and interrupted; perspiration is diminished; the nutritious juices are less

abundant, and being rejected by the parts already too dense, they can communicate no fresh supplies. Old age is, therefore, not so much to be dreaded in itself, as in the manifold wretchedness that accompanies it: φοβος το γηρας, ο γαρ ερχεται μονον. Or according to Virgil:

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit: subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.

Man's prime of life posts on with double speed
Precipitate: a ghastly train succeeds,
Diseases, labour, heart oppressing age,
Then death with ruthless hand shuts up the scene.

WAKEFIELD.

..... His big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

With the contraction of the body, the voice necessarily becomes feeble and impaired; its debility is manifested by that inharmonious cadence which is ever observable previously to the age of puberty, and to which Shakspeare probably alludes, by "childish treble." The general state of imbecility which our dramatic poet has applied to old age is very feelingly described in the popular poem entitled "The Grave:"

..... Ah! where's the lifted arm
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been.

Another pathetic description of the immortal Shakspeare, spoken indeed upon a different occasion, is but too commonly applicable to this season of life:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

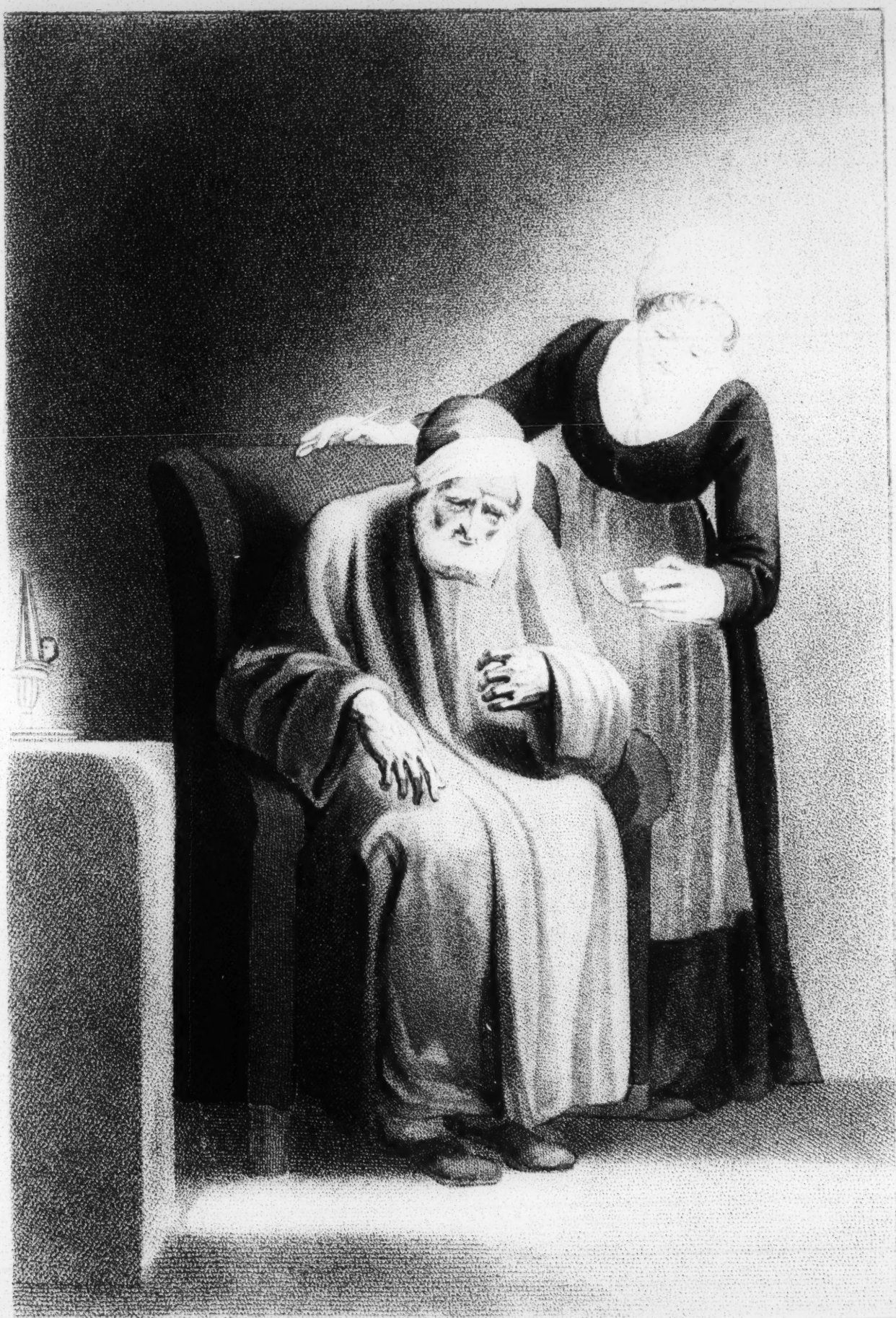
RICHARD II.

Notwithstanding the foregoing gloomy representations of this period of life, yet we are assured, as well from our own experience, as from the testimony of the best writers, that it is by no means deficient in solid happiness to those who have performed its prior acts with consistent dignity and honour; for it is frequently seen, that though old age disqualifies a man for the very active scenes of the world, yet amidst the decay of corporeal powers, the faculties of the mind remain strong and vigorous. Virtuous old age, moreover, carries with it an authority, and commands a respect, which make it preferable to all the pleasures of youth:

..... Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.

ARMSTRONG.





..... Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

THIS closing scene of human existence, being described by privations, seems but a meagre subject for the ingenuity of the painter. Nevertheless the connoisseur in the fine arts will, we are persuaded, be highly gratified with the exhibition which our artist has furnished of the "second childishness" described by Shakspeare. The melancholy picture of human infirmity in its last stage, was, perhaps, never more feelingly represented than it has been by the pencil of Mr. Stothard. We contemplate a figure destitute of all the means of enjoyment, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing" that can make life desirable to the possessor:—incapable of self motion, or of applying to his own use those aliments which are necessary to preserve him from returning to the dust of which he was formed: *Pulvis et umbra sumus*. How admirably is this situation described by the dying Mortimer:

These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthning grief;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground;
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay—
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As willing I no other comfort have.

HENRY VI.

And a passage very similar to this, Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the old John of Gaunt in allusion to the banishment of his son:

For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
 My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night.

RICHARD II.

The youthful figure of the young woman attentive to the wants of her aged sire, and presenting him with that food which his dim eyes can no longer behold, nor his pithless arms convey to his lips, forms a fine contrast to the decrepit old man. It is impossible that a feeling heart should contemplate this picture without an intermixture of the pleasing and painful emotions of the mind. While the latter are awakened by reflecting on the infirmities and miseries ever attendant upon the state of second childishness, from which the highest faculties are not always exempted: the former are excited by the filial piety, and affectionate tenderness displayed in the countenance and attitude of the girl who



Published Jan^y 24. 1799. by W. Bromley, Jeffamine House, Hammer Smith

..... Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

THIS closing scene of human existence, being described by privations, seems but a meagre subject for the ingenuity of the painter. Nevertheless the connoisseur in the fine arts will, we are persuaded, be highly gratified with the exhibition which our artist has furnished of the "second childishness" described by Shakspeare. The melancholy picture of human infirmity in its last stage, was, perhaps, never more feelingly represented than it has been by the pencil of Mr. Stothard. We contemplate a figure destitute of all the means of enjoyment, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing" that can make life desirable to the possessor:—incapable of self motion, or of applying to his own use those aliments which are necessary to preserve him from returning to the dust of which he was formed: *Pulvis et umbra sumus*. How admirably is this situation described by the dying Mortimer:

These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay—
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.

HENRY VI.

And a passage very similar to this, Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the old John of Gaunt in allusion to the banishment of his son:

For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
 My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night.

RICHARD II.

The youthful figure of the young woman attentive to the wants of her aged sire, and presenting him with that food which his dim eyes can no longer behold, nor his pithless arms convey to his lips, forms a fine contrast to the decrepit old man. It is impossible that a feeling heart should contemplate this picture without an intermixture of the pleasing and painful emotions of the mind. While the latter are awakened by reflecting on the infirmities and miseries ever attendant upon the state of second childishness, from which the highest faculties are not always exempted: the former are excited by the filial piety, and affectionate tenderness displayed in the countenance and attitude of the girl who is

conveying to the old man that food which is necessary for the prolongation of his existence.

As it is from our several senses that we derive all the pleasures of the present life; to them, perhaps, we are indebted for the consciousness of existence itself; what can be more humiliating to the dignity and extravagant pride of man, than the total loss, or very considerable decay of these organical inlets of joy and delight? Such a period Shakspeare anticipates as the necessary result of protracted years: a period which Pope has admirably described:

.... Life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower.
With listless eyes the dotard views the store;
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Tho' dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;
Nor lute, nor lyre, his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.

To this state of human imbecility Lucretius likewise refers in the third book of his poem:

Post, ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi
Corpus; et obtusis ceciderunt viribus artus;
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque, mensque.

When the weak limbs, in life's concluding stage,
Feel the chill touches of benumbing age:
When bows the body 'neath the weight of years,
Then droops the mind, a prey to groundless fears:
The driveller dictates, ever in the wrong,
And folly falters on the palsied tongue.

W. SHEPHERD.

Thus have we followed our bard in his description of Man's Seven Ages. Every period, says Cicero, excepting the last, is marked out by certain and defined limits: old age alone has no precise and determined boundary. That distaste which is felt, in passing through the several stages of our present being, and to which Jaques, the moralizing satyrist, alludes, must, it should seem, necessarily, render life itself, in the close of its latest period, no longer desirable. When we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to the last stage of human existence, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them, it is then that Death,

"The utmost course where human sorrow ends,"

may be considered as a mature and seasonable event.



